Foxy Weasel-Theatre….

All fueled the votive fire at the shrine of P/Bigge Shitte.

The digital era was a boon for her, a bonanza. It was everywhere, and it was nothing. Just like her. She was ubiquitous.

Any other medium would have exposed her essential nothingness, but there was no such risk, no such opportunity in….

The NEW AGE!

Every time he heard her droning her latest fiction he heard saws whining and trees crashing, lumberjacks swearing small animals scolding running for cover, etc.

Maybe GUILT made her want to save everything, especially trees.

Nobody wasted more trees than P/Bigge Shitte.

She wanted to convert all the woods to paper for her shit…. the PIG! Whole forests had been flattened, boiled, and printed with her name on them….

P/Bigge Shitte Allwood!

Well, like FRANKIE used to sing….

It was better than digging post-holes, for the IRON or BAMBOO CURTAIN!

Or lace-curtain IRISH, too!

P/Bigge Shitte lived in terror of imminent arrest for raping the arboreal forest, but she said she was just trying to save it.

Cordon sanitaire, etc….

GROUND ZERO, more likely!

Her hysterical response to perceived repression by Alapaloozah's terror apparatus of civil and every other kind of disobedience was really guilt at what she'd done herself.

To the trees…. To the white squirrels….

Poor little baby white squirrel

Bastards!

She defied Grand Vizier Alapaloozah to bugger her scrawny tight ass, because secretly she knew….

She deserved it!

She typed messages exhorting her followers to throw themselves in the way of oncoming logging crews, and posted the messages on line, mistmaking typing for civil disobedience, grievously disturbing to Alapaloozah and his cringing Janissaries, who nervously hung on her every word, when really they would at most have been amused to know she wasn't dead yet.

But basically couldn't give a FUCK!

Even assuming they were listening when she challenged the regime to jail her immediately, to